And called it Ruge-mount, at which name *I* ſtarted,
Becauſe a *Bard* of *Ireland* told me once,
I ſhould not liue long after *I* ſaw Richmond.
Buc. My Lord.
King. I, whats a cloke?
Buc. *I* am thus bold to put your grace in minde
Of what you promiſde me.
King. Well, but whats a cloke?
Buc. Vpon the ſtroke of ten.
King. Well, let it ſtrike.
Buc. Why let it ſtrike?
King. Becauſe that like a Facke thou keepeſt the ſtroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
Buc. Why then reſolue me whether you will or no?
K. Tut, tut, thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*
Buc. Is it euen ſo? rewards he my true ſeruice
With ſuch deepe contempt, made *I* him king for this?
O let me thinke on Haſtings, and be gone
To Brecnock, while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,
The moſt arch act of pitteous maſſacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and Forreſt whom *I* did ſubborne
To do this ruthfull peece of butchery,
Although they were fleſht villaines, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderneſſe and kind compaſſion,
Wept like two children in their death ſad ſtories:
Loe thus quoth Dighton laie thoſe tender babes,
Thus, thus quoth Forreſt girdling one another
Within their innocent alablaſter armes,
Their lips like foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
Which in their ſommer beautie kiſt each other,
A booke of praiers on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth Forreſt almoſt changd my minde,
But O the diuell: there the villaine ſtopt,
Whilſt Dighton thus told on we ſmothered

The moſt repleniſhed ſweet worke of nature,
That from the prime creation euer he framed,
They could not ſpeake, and ſo I left them both,
To bring this tydings to the bloody king.

Enter king Richard.

And here he comes. All haile my ſoueraigne liege.
King. Kind Tirrell, am *I* happy in thy newes?
Tir. *If* to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
Beget your happineſſe, be happie then,
For it is done my Lord.
King. But didſt thou ſee them dead?
Tir. I did my Lord.
King. And buried gentle Tirrell?
Tir The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them:
But how, or in what place *I* do not know.
King. Come to me Tirrell ſoone at after ſupper,
And thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how *I* may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire. *Exit Tirrell.*
Farewell till ſoone.
The ſonne of Clarence haue I pent vp cloſe,
His daughter meanly haue *I* matcht in marriage,
The ſonnes of Edward ſleepe in Abrahams boſome,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world goodnight:
Now for I know the Brittaine Richmond aimes
At yong Elizabeth my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the crowne,
To her I goe a iolly thriuing wooer. *Enter Catesby.*
Cat. My Lord.
Kin. Good newes or bad, that thou comeſt in ſo bluntly?
Cat. Bad newes my Lord, *Ely* is fled to Richmond,
And *Buckingham* backt with the hardy Welchmen
Is in the field, and ſtill his power encreaſeth.
Kin. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neare
Then *Buckingham* and his raſh leuied army:
Come, *I* haue heard that fearfull commenting,
Is leaden ſeruitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and ſnaile-pac't beggery.